Wealth, which used to be respected, has come merely to be envied; and the well-to-do find it necessary either to be apologetic or to become socialists. Bishops explain that they are out-of-pocket on their salaries, undergraduates that their hearts are with the masses, and dons at their high-tables bridle when Stalin is criticised; while even the Rothschilds, the glamour of whose wealth and financial operations has become as established as the Scarlet Pimpernel's, are glad to have, besides financiers, a few country gentlemen and scientists in their line. Imperialism, once so strident, has found a precarious disguise in mandated territory, and India resounds with imported parliamentary eloquence.

With that strange aptness which trivial events sometimes have, when Kipling's coffin arrived at Golders Green to be cremated, the crematorium was still littered with red flags and other revolutionary insignia taken there in honour of Saklatvala, a wealthy Parsee and former Communist Member of Parliament for Battersea, whose cremation had just taken place. The strains of the *Internationale* had scarcely died away when the corpse of the inventor of the White Man's Burden was consigned to flames which had lately consumed the mortal remains of Saklatvala.

To assume that each arbitrarily measured span of time has its distinctive character, a spirit of its own, is perhaps erroneous, since days and years and centuries shade imperceptibly into oue another, and the most outstanding human

achievements are outstanding because they survive shifting fashions, transcend their circumstances and time. Yet it remains true that as the individual has moods, so do societies, and that this mood is expressed, in one way or another, in all, or nearly all, that is

---

of the Council of the Book Society, and one Hollywood scenario-writer.

Capitalism may have no further use for culture, but it clearly has use for these well remunerated 'intellectual workers'.